

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

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Part A

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GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

VOL. XXVI.

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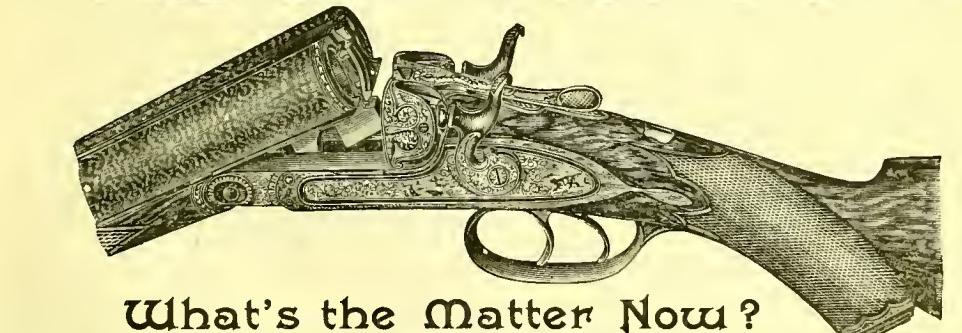
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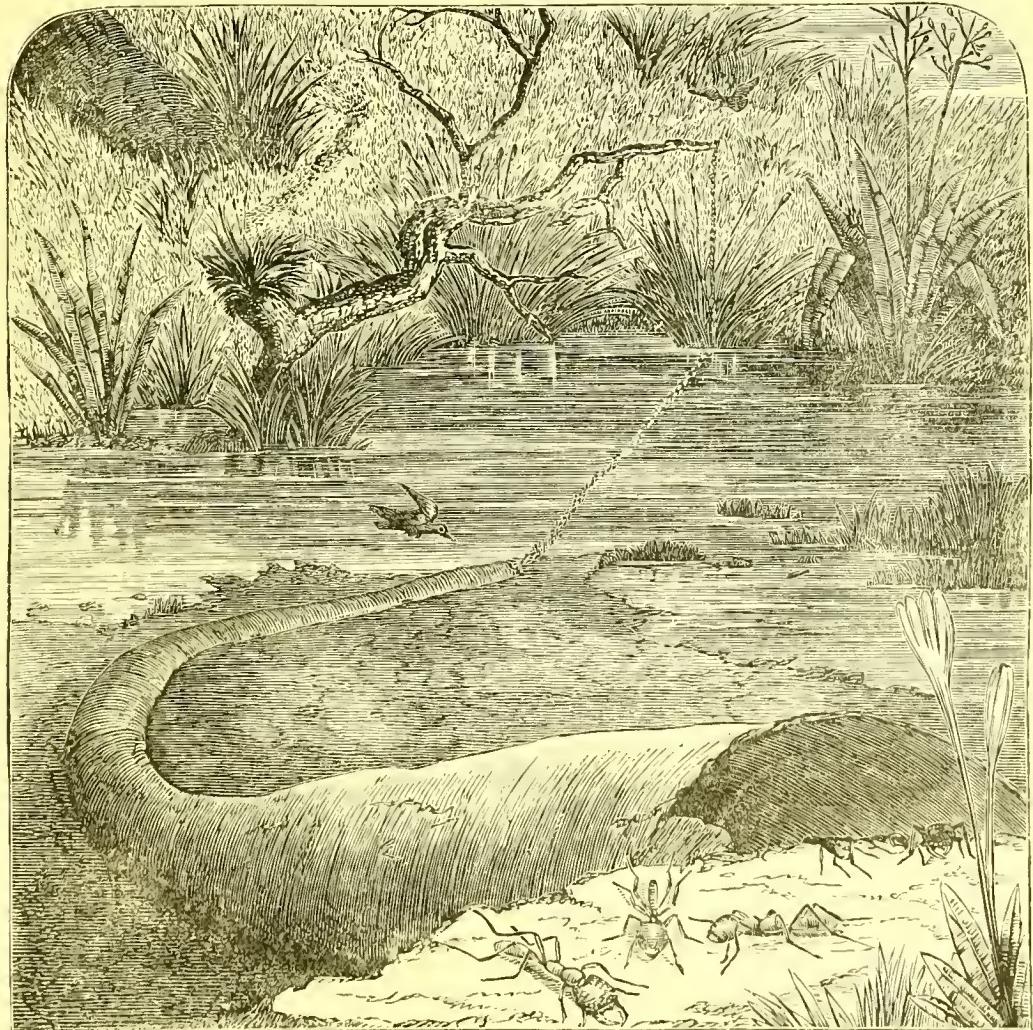
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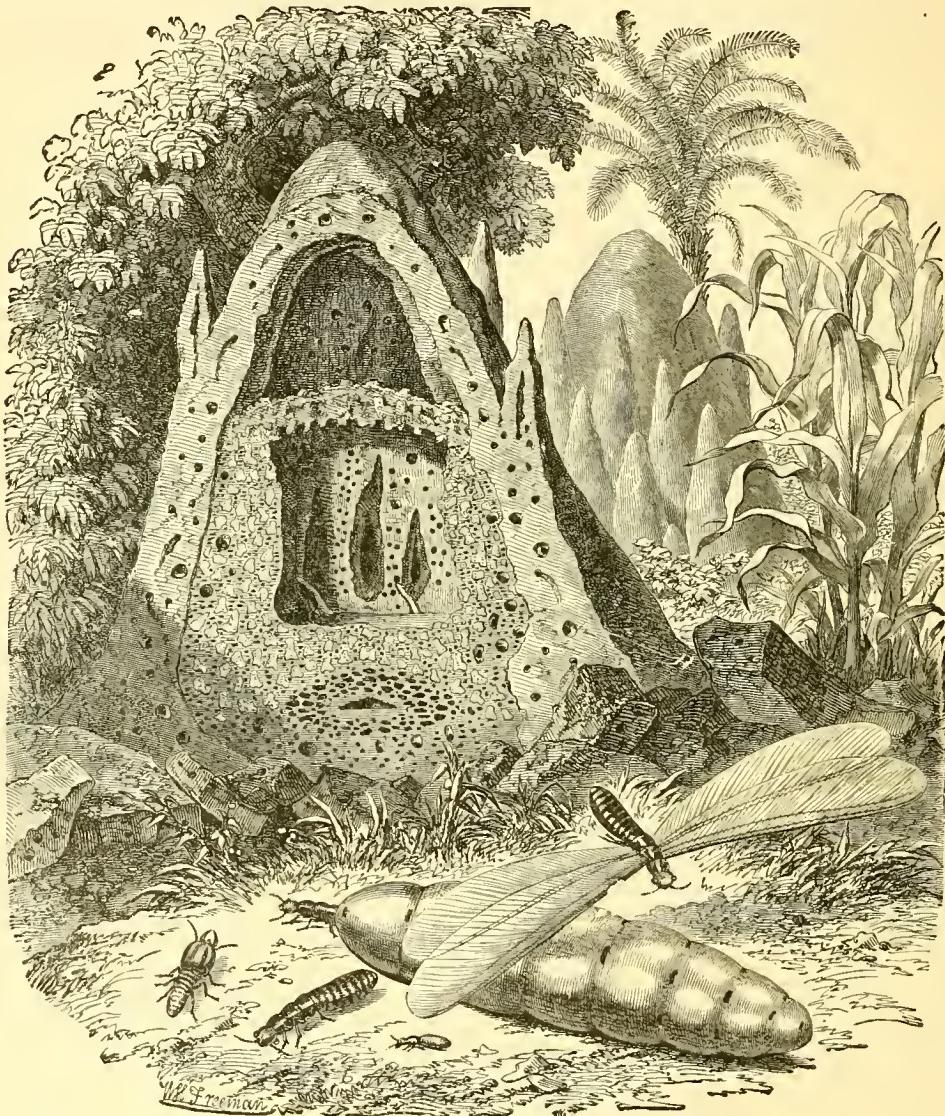
TUNNEL CONSTRUCTED BY AN ANT COLONY.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE ANT.

IT cannot be set down as a rule that the larger creatures of the animal world are the most intelligent. The ant is a very small

ways and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest."

It is said the ways of the ant resemble those of man more closely than do those of other



INTERIOR VIEW OF A WHITE ANT HILL.

insect, yet it seems to have greater wisdom than many animals thousands of times larger.

A study of its doings will enable us to better appreciate the suggestion of Solomon: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her

animals. In the first place ants live in communities and unite together in armies for self-defense, and for the purpose of performing labor. The species known as the white ant build mounds as much as eight feet in height.

These mounds or hills are their castles. Within them are chambers and passages leading from one apartment to another. Inside one of these hills a community makes its home, and ants from another hill are considered enemies, and treated as such. These ants also construct long tunnels of mud through which they travel from place to place. This serves the double purpose of protecting them from the sun and from birds or other creatures that prey upon them.

The ant, in its manner of life, well illustrates the power of unity. Of itself it is a small, weak creature, but a vast army of such creatures are often a terror, not only to small animals but to the most powerful of the beast creation. Certain species of ants when on the move cause a general retreat before them of other creatures, and are dreaded even by the lion and elephant. Towns have been abandoned on account of being raided by these tiny insects. Being in such great numbers it was useless to try to withstand their approach.

A resemblance has been shown to exist between different varieties of ants and races of human beings. Some ants live on the products of the chase, that is upon other creatures which they capture for food, like the lower tribes of mankind whose food consists mostly of the flesh of wild animals. Others have what might be compared to the domestic animals of mankind, such as cows, fowls, etc. They, like man, have domesticated animals for food producers. Creatures known as "Aphides" are kept by these ants for the same purpose mankind keep cows. From these insects the ants extract a sweet fluid in a manner similar to milking a cow. Professor Leidy, a naturalist of Philadelphia, observed three species of these insects kept by one community of ants. They were kept in separate herds, and were apparently well cared for by their owners. These insects, although of no use to the ants during the winter, were kept the year round.

What is known as the "harvesting ant" clears a patch of ground near its nest and

plants it with a certain kind of grass. While the crop is growing it is well guarded from other insects, and kept clear of weeds. The seed is harvested when ripe and stored away in the granary. These same ants are said to give their dead a decent burial, but pay no attention to dead stranger ants. A system of slavery is practiced among certain ants. They steal young ones from other communities and make slaves of them. Ants thus captured seem to be content with their lot and will fight and work for their masters. Some of these slave-holders become so lazy that they will do nothing but make raids on other communities to procure more prisoners. Their slaves supply them with food, tend to their young, make their nests and clean them. All ants are said to be particular about keeping their bodies clean.

A peculiarity among some ants is that of storing honey. In New Mexico, according to Dr. M'Cook, who has studied their habits, there is a species of ant which has a most novel way of preserving honey. Certain members of the ant community are designated as honey pots. The others gather the honey and bring to them in their mouths, from which they empty it into the mouths of those intended as receptacles for it. The sacs with which these ants are provided become distended to the size of a pea, while the remainder of the body is scarcely larger than a pin head. In this condition they continue to live, but do not move about much. When a portion of this stored honey is needed the ant can by the movement of a muscle force some of it out through its mouth.

It is a strange fact yet unaccounted for that ants of one hill know each other and can always recognize a stranger ant of the same species. Many experiments have been made to prove this, and it has been demonstrated that they can identify a friend after a year's absence.

Sir John Lubbock, who has made a careful study of ant life, found that, by placing in an ant nest a stranger ant and one of the occupants which had been absent a long time,

the lost friend was joyfully received but the stranger was attacked. To further study these creatures' character he placed two ants from one bed in a bottle and covered the mouth of it with light muslin. He then imprisoned two strange ants in the same manner and placed both bottles near the ant bed to see what treatment they would receive. The friendly ants were left unnoticed, but the strangers were attacked. It was several days before the ants from without managed to cut through the cloth, but when they obtained an entrance they immediately pounced upon the inmates for the purpose of killing them. This same gentleman in his experiments with these little creatures once placed a number of ants from a particular nest and the same number from another nest under the influence of chloroform. He then intoxicated a number of others from both communities. By placing all these near the nest of one community he wished to learn how they would be treated. The insensible condition of those under chloroform was evidently regarded as death by the ant colony, and both friends and strangers were dropped into some water near the nest. They however seemed to be puzzled with the drunken ants, but concluded they were alive. They therefore carried the members of their own colony into the nest and drowned the others.

It is the general opinion, based on various experiments, that ants have some language or way of communicating to each other. In several instances, for the purpose of testing them on this matter, single ants while carrying dead insects to their nests were hindered in their work. Immediately on finding it impossible to get along with their loads these ants went to the nest empty-handed and then returned with several others to assist them. To induce others to follow them they must have had some way of telling what they desired.

An interesting experiment was once made with these insects by a student of their habits. He noticed a train passing from his garden to the window-sill. He placed on the window-

sill some fine sugar for the ants to gather. He then some days later put the sugar in a vessel and suspended it from a string attached to the upper part of the window so that it would hang directly over the place where the sugar had been sprinkled. That the colony might know of its presence he placed a few ants into the vessel and allowed them to find their way back, which they did by climbing the string and going down the side of the window frame. The whole colony soon found their way to the sugar and marched to it in a constant stream. After awhile the traffic ceased, and the ants were noticed to only pass over the window-sill below where the sugar was suspended. The cause of this was soon discovered. About a dozen ants were found hard at work in the vessel containing the sugar dropping the grains over the edge on to the window-sill, while others below were carrying it off to the nest. How they were enabled to know the sugar would fall from the vessel upon the window-sill was a mystery to the observer, as ants have a very short range of vision if indeed they can see at all.

E. F. P.

I HAVE great respect for the woman who knows how to spare herself, for the one who knows when she has done *enough*. I have respect for the one who has the courage to say I am not strong enough to sew for the heathen and do my own home duties also, and my home is first, and who dares to sit in her house and see others conduct sewing societies. This is no plea for idleness, or for that selfishness that is like a cancer in the soul, only a plea for a knowledge of one's own powers and limitation, for a courage according to her convictions, for a judgment that is enlightened and generous, not only towards others but towards herself.

HUMANITY may endure the loss of everything; all its possessions may be torn away without infringing its true dignity,—all but the possibility of improvement.

FROM UNDER THE CURSE.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 399.)

OUT from the palace Abish ran, out through the king's court-yard into the streets of the city—from house to house, telling of the good news, crying unto the city's people that a wonderful spectacle was to be seen at the palace of their king.

Her efforts were not in vain. Crowds of people gathered to hear and see, and when Abish got back to the palace what a scene met her gaze!

Around the prostrate forms surged an excited, noisy crowd, contending one with another regarding the cause of this marvelous occurrence. They saw that the Nephite was one of the fallen, and to him was the mischief charged. He must have been the cause of this calamity. And then the throng became loud and angry in denouncing the Nephite.

A man, whose brother the Nephite had killed at the waters of Sebus, drew his sword and in his anger was about to slay him, when, to the astonishment of all, he dropped dead. The multitude swayed back from the fallen. What could it mean? What could it be, this great power amongst them? No one dared to approach or touch the prostrate forms. The people were awed.

Abish slowly forced her way through the excited throng. She heard the contentions and saw the consternation on the people's faces. They had mistaken the meaning of it all.

Reasoning from their own evil natures, they had concluded that the power they saw exhibited came from an evil source. Her errand had failed. Instead of good evil had come of it, and if the quarreling and strife continued the result would be disastrous. What should she now do?

She reached the inner edge of the crowd. There she stood, with her hands clasped and her eyes raised as if in mute supplication. Tears were streaming from her eyes.

What is this? See! Abish, the servant woman, leaves the people and steps into the

charmed circle of the fallen. A hush falls upon the noisy crowd, and all eyes watch her movements.

What will she do? She will be smitten. But no; the woman stops by the side of the queen, and, reaching down, takes the quiet hand of her mistress, when, lo! the queen rises to her feet and exclaims:

"O, blessed Jesus, who has saved me from an awful hell! O, blessed God, have mercy on this people!" She clapped her hands for joy, still speaking to the multitude, much of which they understood not.

Then taking King Lamoni by the hand, he also arose, and seeing the contention among the people, went forth and rebuked them, teaching them the words which the Nephite had taught him.

Then the Nephite and the fallen servants arose and they also spoke to the people, declaring the same words as their king, stating that they had seen angels and had conversed with them; that their hearts had been changed and they had no more desire to do evil. It was a beautiful sight to see the king and all his household teaching the people words of peace and righteousness. Many listened with eager interest and believed their words; but many others went their way, not believing what was taught.

Before the evening shades scattered the throngs of people, many had been converted to the truth. Their souls were lighted by the Spirit of God, and they went their ways with it burning like a fire within their dark-skinned breasts.

Thus began a mighty work of redemption among the Lamanites.

* * * *

Years had passed. One pleasant evening a party of anti-Nephites had gathered at the house of Abish, of the king's household. The company were chatting pleasantly and eating of fruits and nuts, of which an abundance had been provided. Suddenly the hangings of the doorway were pushed aside and there stepped into the room a Lamanitish warrior. He was armed with ax and sword, and adorned

with the usual habit of his race. As he gazed in astonishment on the no less astonished company, he paused suddenly in his advance, and laying his hand on his sword, to his lips came the exclamation, "Nephites!"

Abish stepped forward to meet him.

"Lemiah, my brother!" she said; "Nay, put up thy sword; I am thy sister Abish, and these are thy friends."

The Lamanite stood as if transfixated to the spot. Not a muscle seemed to move, but his eyes surveyed the woman before him and wandered from her head to her feet.

His sister? Impossible! His sister was a Lamanite, dark skinned like unto himself. She, before him, was white like the Nephites, with skin a soft white color relieved by just a tinge of brown. Her bare ankles, her round, shapely arm, her neck and face were all clean and white and beautiful.

"Lemiah," pleaded his sister, "dost thou not know me? Is it too wonderful to believe? See, our dark skins are gone! We have come out from under the curse. Still we are thy friends, thy same old friends, thy brethren and sisters."

"It is the voice of my sister," answered Lemiah. "I know not what to say."

"Hast thou, then, not heard?"

"I have heard nothing. I came this night from our expedition against the Nephites."

"Then, my brother, thou mayest well be lost in wonder. That Nephite, who was brought into our city, thou dost remember, just before thy departure, was Ammon, son of King Mosiah, of the Nephites. He was sent of God—the true God, as I hinted to thee—to teach us the truth and to show us His power. That he has done so, thou seest."

Lemiah approached his sister and peered closely into her face. She held out her hand to him.

"See," she remarked, "handle me, we deceive thee not."

The warrior took the white hand within his own brown palms and stroked it gently.

"Yes, thou art my sister," he said with deliberation. "And are these around thee my old friends?"

At this others of the company stepped up to him, saluted him, and conversed with him, until his doubts were gone. Yes, he was among friends. And as they sat him down with them, and cheered him and told of the wonderful change which God had wrought, Abish quietly unbuckled his sword and battle-ax and hid them away in a corner.

"I perceive," Lemiah at last exclaimed, "that ye are changed, not only without, but also within. What has done it? Friends, I pray thee, tell me, I am lost in wonder and surprise."

His sister took his hand, looked with a smile into his face and said:

"God has taken away our dark skins, and the blood of His Son Jesus Christ has cleansed our souls from sin and made them clean and white."

Nephi Anderson.

THE CANADIAN LEADER.

PERHAPS the ablest man of our nothern neighbor Canada passed away last month (June) in the person of Sir John A. Macdonald. And while he was so prominent in the British dependency where he acted as premier, there are few greater men than he to be found in the whole history of Britain and her colonies. His particular faculty of uniting discordant factions, and harmonizing their feelings with his own policy, was a quality which he possessed to an eminent degree, and it was this more than any other which made him the strong and successful leader he was until the last.

Born in Scotland in the year 1815, he accompanied his parents to Canada when only six years of age. The opportunities of an education being in his case somewhat limited, he determined to use his own efforts in the way of progression. He chose the law for his profession, and with an ever-increasing appetite for knowledge coupled with a retentive memory, he not only speedily became

an able and brilliant lawyer but the best read and most highly cultured man in the Dominion.

Rapidly he made his way to the front rank in his profession, and by his tact, energy and ability he soon became known even among great men as an acknowledged leader.

Strong-minded and firm in his dealings with men, he was yet weak, at times, in controlling himself. Inheriting a taste for strong drink, he too frequently yielded to temptation and on more than one occasion during his public career did he become thoroughly intoxicated. An amusing instance of this kind is related as having occurred during an electioneering tour of the country some years ago.

He and his opponent agreed to stump the country together. They made their journeys in company, and shared equally the time allotted for meetings. One evening just before the time appointed for the gathering, Sir John indulged too freely and became gloriously drunk. He staggered to the hall, however, and took his place on the platform. His friends were almost paralyzed at seeing his condition, while his opponent was elated at the prospect of an easy and overwhelming victory over his befuddled companion.

As Sir John was too drunk to stand, his rival arose and delivered himself of a grand speech which elicited hearty cheers. He resumed his seat with the inward satisfaction that he had won the audience, and he could safely trust his case to his hearers. He doubtless took some comfort, too, in knowing of his opponent's disgusting exhibition.

During the delivery of this speech Sir John had sat in the rear of the platform resting his head on his hands. When his turn came to speak to the astonishment of all he arose and advanced to the front of the platform. Just as he was about to begin he suddenly vomited all over the floor in front of him. Instead of being disconcerted by this revolting occurrence he turned and pointing his finger at his antagonist said, "It always makes me vomit to listen to that man talk."

The burst of laughter which followed this expression touched the sympathetic chord in the hearts of the audience, and Sir John then poured forth such a stream of mingled logic and eloquence as to completely entrance his hearers, and cause the previous speech to appear almost as a schoolboy's argument.

It may be news to many of our readers to know that in November, 1888, Sir John Macdonald was visited by Apostles Francis Marion Lyman and John W. Taylor and Pres. C. O. Card in the interests of our people who were locating on Canadian territory. They had a private interview of between one and two hours' duration with the premier, who listened quietly and attentively to their testimonies of the gospel, and questioned them on various points of doctrine. He also listened patiently to their colonization matters which they had to present, and then gave them the strongest assurances that any concessions or favors which it would be possible for the government to grant our people under the law should be unhesitatingly given. He was sufficiently informed concerning our people to know that they are desirable citizens in any country, and he expressed a hope that they might feel inclined to settle in Canada.

The treatment which he and his ministers accorded the brethren during their stay in Ottawa was most cordial. When the brethren returned to Utah they sent a set of Church works to each of three cabinet ministers and Sir John himself.

There is good cause for the unsettled feeling which has prevailed in Canada since the demise of this great man, for while there are in that country many men of unquestioned ability it is doubtful if a man can be found capable of uniting the people and directing their efforts in the way of England's prosperity and interests as did Sir John Macdonald.

W. Wenig.

A BEAUTIFUL face wins instant admiration, but a beautiful mind, and heart, and soul retain and hold the friendship.

A REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

NOT very long ago there appeared in the *St. Louis Republic* an article which adds one more to the already lengthy list of proofs that the Book of Mormon is of divine origin. It should prove to us that the Lord was with that work and that He will not allow the smallest part of it to be destroyed.

In 1878, David Whitmer, one of the three witnesses to the truth of the Book of Mormon, and the possessor of the manuscript of that sacred work, was residing in Richmond, Mo. On the 1st of June of that year the city of Richmond was visited by a terrific cyclone. David Whitmer's residence was directly in the path of the terrible storm; and although most of the house was totally demolished, one room was left entirely uninjured, not even a shingle was removed or a crack made in the plastering. This room was not as substantial as the other part of the house, being simply the extension of a porch. But it contained the manuscript of that precious work, and like the Athenian watch tower it stood, piled up with wrecks on all sides, itself uninjured.

Upon hearing the above facts, the citizens of the afflicted town formed a committee and made a report of the miraculous preservation of this single room and its valuable treasure. The written report of this committee is now in the hands of one of the prominent attorneys of the city in which the events related occurred.

This circumstance is only one of many which have occurred since the organization of this Church; and it should tend to strengthen the Latter-day Saints in their faith that the Lord is watching over His work on earth. It seems strange that notwithstanding the number of remarkable occurrences which have taken place and the number of public prophecies which have been fulfilled, the world still fights against us with so much bitterness and hatred. A person would naturally think that intelligent men would be led by such instances to investigate the gospel and find out for themselves what our principles really are. In-

stead of this being the case, however, such events are generally overlooked altogether, or else are looked upon merely as chance occurrences.

Although this investigating committee was composed of intelligent men, it is not at all likely that any of them have gone any further in their investigations than to see that the room and its contents were unharmed. Why the tornado passed this particular room they cannot understand; and they would very likely ridicule anyone who professed to believe that the Lord cared anything about the Book of Mormon or anything connected with it. But we, as Latter-day Saints, can see the hand of God in this as well as in many similar instances.

H. J. C.

THE STRENGTH AND COURAGE.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 402.]

MRS. ADARE, the mother of Constance, desiring to please her daughter and do honor to her future son-in-law, gave a party.

The dining room and parlor, connected by folding doors, were thrown into one room and beautifully decorated by the loving hands of Constance's sisters, who playfully called it "Conny's engagement party."

It was a beautiful night, one of those white, brilliant nights that we always remember. Snow in unbroken reaches as far as the eye could see, a full moon riding in a cloudless sky that was fairly ablaze with sparkling lustrous stars.

A great peace flooded the soul of Constance Adare as she looked up at the wonderfully lighted expanse of deepest blue. She clasped her hands and poured out the secrets of her heart, her hopes and desires into that ear that is ever ready to hear, appealed to that divine wisdom and compassion which never fails to understand and respond.

The sweetest blessings, the dearest jewels of testimony come to us in such hours, and are a

secret between the soul of the receiver and their God. It is this testimony that enables men and women to endure to the end all things for His sake, and when the full flood of this holy testimony is upon us, pain, humiliation, scorn and scourging are borne with joy, and even death itself may be sweet.

As Constance sank to her knees by the window and prayed that her feet might be kept from straying into forbidden paths, that she might have the strength given her to do the will of the Father, and not mar the labor she came on earth to perform by any unwise, weak or wicked act, she knew then and through all her after life that God had accepted of her, and that her soul had received its spiritual baptism.

This sort of a testimony it is hard to describe to another—hard for another to understand, but almost at the moment of its reception there came, also, a material testimony which all can understand and appreciate. There was no light in the room where Constance stood except the light of the fire. She had opened the window in order to have a better view of the beautiful heavens, and the voices of two persons conversing beneath her window was plainly audible.

"Give her up," a voice said that she did not recognize; "I can't fancy a fellow like you mooning around after a girl that is so indifferent to your charms and eloquence, that she prefers her father and home to you. May Davenport would marry you tomorrow if you asked her."

"May Davenport is all right as far as sweethearts go, she's a nice girl to have a good time with, but there's just a little too much vixen in her composition to suit me. Besides I don't love her."

That voice she knew, it was the voice of her lover.

"Well, you made as desperate love to her as man well could, anyhow. What is it you propose to do with Miss Adare after you have succeeded in running away with her?"

"Speak lower; do you think I want to take half the town into my confidence?" Then

there was a long whispered conversation that Constance did not hear.

The stranger's voice was again raised in protest. "I tell you, Charles, it is a very wrong thing to do, a very hazardous thing to do, and even if it is as successful as you hope, you may have cause to regret it to your dying day!"

"I tell you that the young lady herself wishes to marry me and would jump at the chance if her father did not object. I am consulting her wishes as much as my own in this plan. When we are safely married her father will be all right; why he worships the ground that girl walks on."

"Then he can't know all you have done in your two years' absence, or he would not give you his daughter. Suppose instead of meeting you here with a sleigh I go and tell him of some of your escapades," said the strange voice again, tauntingly.

"If you don't want to do what I have asked of you, don't! but it won't prevent me from carrying out my bold design. Girls always like the man best who just takes possession of them, and Constance and I will probably relate this circumstance to our grandchildren as an illustration of how difficulties were surmounted in our day. Come on, she will expect me to present myself early, as an ardent lover should," and they moved away together.

Almost fainting, Constance knelt by the window trying to comprehend what it all meant that she had heard. Only for the spiritual testimony she had received, she felt that her heart would burst with its pain, for one of the greatest sorrows of earth is to find one we love unworthy, or that they hold us in light esteem. She shed a few tears, and as some one has very truly said, a woman can express more sorrow in a few tears than a man can compress into a book.

She went into the parlor rather late, all things considered, but apologized by saying that she did not feel well, which was plain to be seen, for her cheeks were like ashes of roses, instead of the warmer hue they should have worn.

Charles came eagerly forward to greet her, and presented his friend, "a fellow-tradesman, Conny," he supplemented by way of explanation.

Charles was all life and animation, dancing, chattering and winning golden opinions from all the young people by his free and easy manners, high spirits and good-natured wit.

Toward the middle of the evening he sought his prospective father-in-law.

"Mr. Adare, have I your permission to take Miss Constance out in a sleigh for an hour? We will have so little time together, sir," he said, "as I go back day after tomorrow that I hope you will permit her to go. She looks pale, and the ride in the cool night air might be beneficial."

"I have no objection, Charles, do not stay too long, and see that she is well wrapped up," Mr. Adare replied. His heart softened toward this young man because of his evident devotion and faithfulness to this beloved daughter.

Charles approached Constance with her mother on his arm and her wraps in his possession. "Constance," said her mother, "Charles wishes me to ask you to go out with him for a sleigh ride. Go, dear, I will make all necessary apologies and entertain your guests until you return."

"Mother, I hope you will not urge me to go, for I do not wish to. I prefer sitting quietly here, or retiring to my room if you think my guests would not think it strange," she replied with downcast eyes.

"Conny, dear," Charles said in an appealing voice, "do come; it is a lovely night and I think it will do you good."

Constance looked straight at him, and replied, "If you have planned this entirely to please me, and because you thought it would add to my happiness, you have made a very grand mistake, that is all, and I shall not go."

Charles was very much vexed and disappointed and could not help showing it.

Mrs. Adare did not understand why Constance should be so pronounced about such a

small matter, and left them to settle it between themselves.

When Charles found that she really would not go, nor give him a reasonable excuse, he threw down her wraps in a pet, and devoted himself to another girl during the entire evening.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE TRUE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS.

A Modern Version of an Old Tale.

THEY were three stockbrokers, and they lived in a big iron building with a handsome granite front, opposite the Stock Exchange in San Francisco. I say "lived," for when four o'clock came, and they locked up their desks and turned away from the telephone and stock indicator, and the crowds in the office thinned, and the little glass-faced gong in the corner ceased to ring for messenger boys, the "Three Bears," as they were commonly called, shut up their lives into their ledgers and day-books, and did not open them again until the next day.

This may seem a strange statement, but if you will think a moment you will understand. They were three old bachelors, and everybody knows that old bachelors do not have any lives worth speaking of, outside of business hours, but shift for existence in a very unhappy and uncertain sort of way.

They were called the Three Bears, in the first place, because at the time of the great Comstock excitement, when the "Bulls" were tossing their horns and forcing stocks up to such a figure that if they had ever come down at all they would have collapsed like soap bubbles, this firm had come to the rescue and driven the Bulls from the field, bringing prices down to somewhat reasonable figures. And because Clifford, the junior of the firm, was big and strong, and had a deep, gruff voice, and Cowan, the middle partner, was a man of medium size, with a pleasant, middling-

sized voice, and Curran, the senior partner, was a little man, with a soft, fine voice, the name clung to them, and the Three Bears they remained, in the parlance of the street. And as, in spite of the fact that they were three old bachelors, they were really a jolly set of men, and liked a joke even if they were themselves the victims, they were in no wise offended when the matter came to their knowledge, but laughed and jested over it most amiably.

One December day, at half-past four in the afternoon, a stranger came up the stone steps and pushed open the glass door leading from the hall into the large outer office. The visitor was a boy of perhaps sixteen, and was neatly dressed, but his loosely fitting clothes and his timid manner showed plainly that he was not city bred. To make no mystery about him, and to save bothering with introductions when we have reached a more interesting stage of our story, I will tell you that he rejoiced in the very homely name of Thomas Smith, and that he had come out from New England three months before, with his mother and his little sister, who had no one in the world to look to for support, but this stout-hearted, inexperienced boy.

His object in thus invading the den of the Three Bears was to apply for employment. Any one could see at a glance that, had the firm been in need of a boy, which was not at all likely, this style of boy would never have done. Stockbrokers could have no use save for a rustling, saucy, pushing young fellow, who would know the world about him and all its ways: who could snub Robinson and toady to Brown, or toady to Robinson and snub Brown, as the emergencies of the market might require: who could deny his employers to unwelcome callers, without blushing to his eyes, as this boy would be sure to do: who would be, in short, a miniature copy of Schreiber, their head clerk.

Schreiber had just finished his day's duties, and was at that moment standing in the hall talking with some friends, so busily absorbed that he had not observed the boy. It was

quite in keeping with Schreiber's character, when he noticed, a few minutes later, that he had left the door ajar on coming out, that he should slip back stealthily and softly close it, turning the key warily in the lock: so warily that no one in the hall preceived his derelictions: so noiselessly that the strange boy, patiently waiting within, did not observe that the door had closed and he was a prisoner.

He did not discover this fact until long afterwards, when he noticed with surprise that the hands on the dial of the office clock pointed to half-past five. It seemed very singular that the office should be left so long alone. How could the brokers tell who might not steal in, and what mischief might not be done? As this thought came to him he glanced towards the door he had entered. He distinctly remembered leaving it ajar, as he had found it, and now it was closed. Crossing the room, he laid his hand on the knob and tried to open it.

When he found it locked, he sat down in a chair and tried to weigh the situation. He could see plainly enough that he had placed himself in a very embarrassing position. If the worst came to the worst, what could he prove of himself, anyhow? That he was the son and sole support of a poor widow, who had hitherto lived in an obscure country village of New England, and had borne a good reputation. That against the advice of all their friends they had sold their little home and invested almost the entire proceeds in railroad tickets, coming west in a desperate hope of saving the mother's failing health and bettering their fortunes. That the long trip and lack of home comforts had made the mother worse instead of better. That he had tried to find work, day after day, and day after day had failed.

At length, following a plan of his own, he had determined to canvass the down-town establishments street after street. Doubtless many of the wholesale merchants and a few rich bankers, with any number of brokers and shipping men, located on California and Pine streets, would readily testify that he was the

same persistent, young vagabond who had robbed them of precious time and been harshly repulsed by them.

Fine credentials, indeed, for him to present to the indignant gentlemen, when they should find him locked up in their offices the following morning!

Escape was out of the question. Even if he should succeed in making his way out through door or window, somebody would be sure to see him, and as he would be unable to account for his presence there they would bear him off to the police station in triumph.

As it grew dark he noticed for the first time that the gas in the front office had been left burning, a customary precaution in business houses, designed to indicate to the watchman that all is well, and an attention for which burglars are profoundly grateful, especially when, as in this case, the lower sashes of the windows are of ground glass. Tom, although a mere tyro in the profession and by no means in love with it as a calling, felt thankful that he would not be forced to spend the night in darkness.

Moved by a reckless impulse, he even went so far as to take a scrap of paper from a waste basket, fold it in the form of a taper, and light up each room in succession.

The rear rooms were three in number, and although separated from the front offices by an ordinary wall, were divided from each other by low partitions. The first of these three apartments was of the same width as the main office. Opening off from this were two other rooms of about the same size, but reversed in position, extending towards the rear, long and narrow. Each office held a handsome desk, a revolving office, a full complement of arm-chairs and a waste basket, and was furnished with a grate, arched over by a cheerless white marble mantel.

There were certain appointments in each office, which proclaimed the tastes of the occupants. In one corner of the front room were a pair of immense hunting boots, a shotgun and a jointed fishing rod. On the desk lay shot and powder flasks. Near these Tom

innocently observed a huge, rosy-cheeked pear.

One of the rear offices evidently claimed for its tenant a gentleman of a convivial turn, for in a small cabinet on the wall and in odd crannies everywhere were suspicious looking bottles with foreign stamps upon them, and on a richly carved table stood a showy decanter, and beside it a curious wine-cup of Venetian glass, which itself seemed to be spun of ruby-colored wine and milk. The furniture, too, was of a luxurious order.

The remaining room was notable for nothing unless for its exceeding neatness and the quaint air of precision which characterized all its arrangements. There was a book-case at one side, its shelves well-filled with the best English classics. A couple of fine engravings hung on the wall.

Tom walked restlessly about, trying to plan some apology for his appearance when the offices should be opened in the morning. His greatest fear was that he might fall asleep, and be hustled off to jail before he could collect his wits sufficiently to make a coherent statement.

Thus the night wore on, each hour bringing its train of dismal forebodings to the unhappy boy. He tried to occupy himself in various ways. Once he took down a book from the case in the rear office, and going into the front office laid it on the desk, screwed the swivel chair to its highest point and began to read, but could not keep his mind to the subject.

He went into the more elegant of the rear apartments and seated himself there, swinging the chair around so as to get the light over his shoulder, but again turned back to the adjoining room. Here the mechanism of the desk chair interested him. Fond of investigating mechanical contrivances, Tom began a series of experiments upon it. To his dismay some bolt or screw gave way and the whole structure collapsed in ruins on the floor.

The boy's heart gave one leap, then seemed to stop beating, as he viewed this crowning

calamity. It was useless to go down on his hands and knees and try to repair the mischief he had done. It was already half-past five by the clock in the main office. Ignorant of city customs, the lad decided that in another hour the brokers would be there.

His throat was parched and burning, and he was unaccountably weak and faint. Staggering into the room where he had seen the decanter and wine glass, he took the latter, and going to a washstand in the corner, filled it with water from the silver faucet and drained it.

Still that empty, helpless feeling that deprived him of nerve and spirit. Casting about for a cause, he recollects that he had missed his dinner. His luncheon, too, he had foregone for motives of economy. A stout, healthy boy cannot endure a long season of fasting. If the outer doors should open and his hosts enter he felt morally certain that he should guiltily collapse at their feet.

He had heard of shipwrecked mariners and Arctic explorers who had sustained life for a time upon old boots, but the tall rubber boots in the corner were decidedly uninviting. His eye fell on the great pear. He might take one or two bites from that, and turn it with the fair side uppermost, so that no one would observe it until he had gone! This idea he scouted at once as cowardly and dishonest. He would take the whole pear, boldly acknowledge it, and pay whatever it was worth. Fruit was cheap enough in California, even in midwinter. If his other troubles could be settled as easily he would carry a light heart.

His luncheon having brought him into a more healthy frame of mind, he resolved upon another sensible act. He would refresh himself with a half-hour's nap. Here, again, he was at a loss to find a comfortable place, and it was only after roaming from room to room that he made his way at length into the neat office with the bookcase and the pictures, and after one sorrowing glance at the wreck he had caused, dropped down upon a rattan lounge in one corner, and fell fast asleep.

So soundly did he sleep, that he was not awakened by the clatter of Biddy McGinnis, who cleaned gentlemen's offices for a living, and who, being behind-time, after her custom, contented herself with making a dab at the linoleum in the outer office and emptying the contents of a couple of waste baskets in the grate.

She did not even trouble herself to so much as look into the two rear rooms, consoling her conscience by invoking the blessings of all the saints upon their honors for being such "tidy gintlemen."

Tom did not arouse when Schreiber opened up the front office and prepared for the business of the day; but then Schreiber had a step like a cat.

Flora Haines Loughead.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF NEPHI.

VII.—A Ship Built in the Land Bountiful.

TEXT. If God had commanded me to do all things, I could do them. If He should command me that I should say unto this water, be thou earth, it should be earth; and if I should say it, it should be done.—*I. Nephi 17: 50.*

WHEN the people of Lehi reached the sea shore they rejoiced greatly that their tedious wanderings were over; for they had not traveled in a straight line from coast to coast, but had wandered round and about as the Liahona directed them, and that worked according to their faith and faithfulness. Like the Jews in the wilderness in the days of Moses, their course was a very devious one, and eight years were spent in taking a journey which, had they been as faithful as they should have been, would only have occupied a few weeks or months.

They pitched their tents by the sea shore, and, after many days, the voice of the Lord came unto Nephi, saying, "Arise and get thee into the mountain." As ever, Nephi obeyed the heavenly word. He went up into the mountain, and there cried unto the Lord.

Then the Lord spoke unto him and commanded him to build a ship after a manner and pattern that He would show him, that the people might be carried across the great waters that lay before them.

prayers, the Lord told him where He could find ore with which he might make the tools he needed.

Nephi at once proceeded to carry out the commands of the Lord. With the skins of



THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

Here a difficulty presented itself to the mind of Nephi. He had no tools, and how was it possible to build a ship without the proper instruments. So he laid the matter before the Lord. Then, in answer to his

beasts he made a bellows to blow the fire, but fire as yet he had none, as the Lord had not permitted a fire to be lighted in the wilderness. So he smote two stones together, and their first fire was lighted since the company

left the borders of the Red Sea. When his forge was made and his fire was lit, Nephi began to molten the ore that he had obtained to make the tools that he needed.

When his brothers saw that Nephi was about to build a ship, they began to ridicule him. They said, "Our brother is a fool. He is conceited enough to believe that he can build a ship—one that will cross these great waters, but he can't do anything of the kind, he don't know enough." And they would give him no help, for they did not believe he was instructed of the Lord.

Nephi became very sorrowful because of the hardness of their hearts. When they saw this they were glad and tauntingly told him they knew that he was lacking in judgment and could not accomplish so great a work as to build a ship. Then Nephi answered and said unto them, "Do you believe that our fathers who were in bondage would have been led away out of the hands of the Egyptians if they had not hearkened to the word of the Lord? Do you not know that Moses was commanded of the Lord, and the waters of the Red Sea were divided hither and thither, and our fathers passed through on dry ground, but the armies of Pharaoh were drowned in its waters?"

Many other things wherein the power of God was manifested in the deliverance of their fathers did he relate unto them; how they were fed with manna; how they were preserved from their enemies; how the waters of the Jordan fled back at their coming; all of which he impressed upon them as a lesson that when God commanded, men should obey without doubt, or without question. Answered he, "If God had commanded me to do all things, I could do them. If he should command me that I should say to this water, Be thou earth, it would be earth. Then how much less is it to build one ship than to do the marvelous works of which I have told you."

At first when Nephi held out these great truths to his brethren, they were angry and threatened to throw him into the depths of

the sea, and not only did they threaten to do so, but they made the attempt; but so full was Nephi of the Spirit of God that he said, "In the name of the Almighty God, I command you that you touch me not, for I am filled with the power of God, even unto the consuming of my flesh, and whoso shall lay their hands on me shall wither even as a dried weed, and he shall be as nought before the power of God that shall smite him."

The truths which he taught and the power that was in him confounded his brethren, that they ceased to contend with him, and they dared not touch him for a number of days, and this because of the power of God which was in him.

After a time the Lord told him to stretch forth his hand again toward his brethren, and that they should not wither, but the power of God should smite them; and this he was commanded to do that they might know that the Lord was their God. So Nephi stretched forth his hand as he was commanded, and the Lord shook them as He had promised. Then they fell down to worship their younger brother, who in times past they had so much abused; but he would not permit them. He said, "I am your brother, even your younger brother, wherefore worship the Lord thy God, and honor thy father and thy mother."

Then the brothers of Nephi worshiped the Lord, and showed their repentance by helping Nephi to build the ship; while he, from time to time, received the word of the Lord as to how he should work its timbers; for he did not work after the manner of the ship-builders of that time, nor after any manner that men were accustomed to. But he built the ship just as the Lord had shown it to him; and he often went up into the mount and prayed to the Lord, and God showed him many great things.

Now when the vessel was finished according to the word of the Lord, Nephi's brothers saw that it was good, and its workmanship exceedingly fine, therefore they again humbled themselves before the Lord. Then the voice

of the Lord came to Lehi, commanding that he and his people should arise and go aboard the ship.

The next day they went on board, every one according to his age, taking with them their provisions, seeds, and such other things as they had brought with them, that it was desirable they should carry across the ocean to their new homes, far away on its opposite shores.

The great truth that this lesson impresses, is that all things are possible to those that have a living faith. Without faith it is impossible to please God or fulfil His purposes. By faith Noah, being commanded of God, built the ark; by faith Jared and his brethren built the eight barges which brought them to this land; and by faith Nephi constructed the ship that answered the same purpose as Jared's barges.

George Reynolds.

THE GENEROUS BIRD.

WHO that has studied the habits of the birds can say they have not the gift of "wisdom and understanding" to a certain degree? Here is a story of the wisdom and generosity of a bird, which, I think, you will be pleased to read, the circumstances to which I was an eye-witness:

I had gone early in May with two little girls, Ellen and Susie, and their mother, to spend the summer on the mountain, and the most delightful of all the pleasures afforded us there, I think, were the little birds. They awakened us every morning with the sweetest notes I ever heard; they cheered us all the day long with their beautiful strains, and when evening came they wafted us a melodious good night. And such a variety of colors as their coats represented never saw I before in any collection of birds or persons.

The ranchmen told us there were plenty of nests of many varieties to be found and at no great distance from our station; but we never saw any; perhaps it was because we did not

look for them, for I never could bring myself to disturb the privacy of a little bird.

Some of these birds were very tame. A number of them often came near the door of our shanty to pick up the grain and crumbs that the little ones threw to them, and often in their fearless innocence they would even hop upon the threshold.

One morning we awoke to find the snow falling heavily, and before very long the earth, trees and everything outside were wrapped in a white sheet. This was a delight to little Ellen, who had often wished it would snow in summer when she could enjoy it most, and make snowballs without the discomfort of aching fingers; but she soon discovered that summer's snow is as cold as that of winter.

"I guess the snow has surprised all the little birds, too, they all stay at home today," said little Susie, as she stood with her sister in the door in the afternoon watching the heavy flakes of snow fall. But presently a little brown bird dropped down upon the snow before the door. "Tweet, tweet," he said as he turned his little head saucily to right and left by turns.

"Oh, mother, just hear him, he is asking for *wheat!*" was the little girl's exclamation; but it seemed to me as if he said, "You were my friends while the sun shone and the weather was fair, and I sang sweet songs for you, now the storm and clouds have arisen and hushed our sweet notes, I have come to prove that friendship was sincere."

"Tweet, tweet," he said again as if in thanks as he gratefully picked up the crumbs of cake which the children showered out to him in abundance. But he did not reserve all the feast to himself, after the manner of a selfish person; but soon raised his wings and away he flew like an arrow, and soon returned accompanied by four or five of his bird friends, who enjoyed the repast with him with as much gratitude, seemingly, as he had done. His absence evidently had been to spread the good news of friends and plenty among his feathered relations.

The storm lasted two days and a half, and

during that time we were visited by, I believe, members from every bird tribe on the mountain, until the little girls' store of grain and cake crumbs were completely exhausted.

M.

THE CUTE SQUIRREL.

ONE morning little Abner Highley came to our house bringing a little brown squirrel as a gift for little Ellen. Now Ellen had long wished for one of these for a pet, and had often begged her mother to entrap the little bushy-tailed fellow that had become friendly enough to come into the yard every day to pick up the grain that spilled from the animals' nose sacks.

But her mother would not consent to deprive the little animal of his God-given freedom to make a prisoner of him, so he was left at liberty to come and go as he willed.

After much coaxing and some tears on the part of Ellen, her mother, out of respect to Abner's kindness as much as to satisfy her little girl, permitted her to keep his present. The children flew around and soon found an empty dry goods box with which to make him a cage.

"How did you manage to catch him, Abner?" asked little Ellen.

Abner paused in his labor of boring holes in the sides of the box, to say:

"I caught him in a sharp angle, between two rocks, when I had blocked up the entrance so he couldn't get away. Oh, you should have heard how he chattered and scolded at me for interfering with him, and he tried to get me to go away, but I just clapped my hat over him and had him safe."

"Now you're my little pet," said Ellen, as the squirrel was slipped into the box and the last slat across the open side was nailed on.

She carried the rough cage out of doors and set it under a tall pine tree in such a position as to give Mr. Squirrel a good view of the surroundings.

The children were very attentive to him;

they carried him grain, a yeast powder can lid filled with milk was slipped inside his cage, and they gave him a lot of shells from last year's acorns to amuse himself with. They visited him quite frequently, thrusting into his cage supplies of food, etc.

Late that afternoon little Ellen came to her mother, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "my little squirrel is dead; he don't scold any more when I tease him, but lies perfectly still and dead."

"And he died in prison!" said the mother reproachfully, for she wished Ellen to receive an impressive lesson.

"Oh, mother, I wish now we had let him go off again to play with his brothers and sisters, and not had him shut up in that dreadful box to die," said the child in great grief.

"I hope my little girl has learned a lesson that will teach her to never want to imprison another little animal," her mother said.

"I never will do it again," said Ellen positively.

The children took the squirrel from his rude cage and prepared to give him burial; but soon the loud clamor of their voices summoned all the family to the scene. Ellen was the first to explain:

"We laid him on the ground, mother, while we went to get the shovel to bury him, and as soon as we were gone he jumped up and ran off as fast as he could; he was only pretending to be dead. See! there he goes now."

Yes, there he went up the mountain side as fast as he—tired and maimed as he was from his day's persecution—could go, but still his motion was rapid enough to safely challenge pursuit.

The children clapped their hands with delight as they watched the little fellow out of sight.

Little Ellen clasped her mother's hand and looking up into her face, said gratefully, "Oh, mother, I am glad the Lord made that little squirrel so cute." And we all were.

Aponemo.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 15, 1891.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

Obedience—Do not Kill.

 CHILDREN should be taught the importance of obedience. They should listen with the greatest attention to the requests and commands of their parents. Parents should spare no pains in teaching and enforcing obedience on the part of their children. There is too much carelessness in many households upon this point. Indulgent parents permit their children to take liberties and to excuse themselves from doing that which they are told to do. The evil results of such a course are seen in the future lives of the children.

No request should be made of a child that is not a proper one, and when it is made, care should be taken to see that it is obeyed. The parents' word should be law to the child; and to have that continue, parents should never ask their children to do anything that their own and their children's judgment, after they grow up, would not approve of. There is such a thing as governing too much. This is attended with as grave evils as laxity in governing. Too many exactions and too great severity of treatment lead to rebellion, and if they be continued, children, when they grow older, are apt to break away from proper restraints and pursue their own course, regardless of the wishes of their parents.

The best family government is that in which the judgment of the children is appealed to and they are shown, by kind words, that the requests made of them are for their benefit and happiness. Parental authority can be built up in this way in the minds of children to such an extent that disobedience would be one of the last things children would think of.

There is this advantage which attends correct family government: the children grow up to be good members of society. They honor all lawful authority. As members of the Church, they are obedient in their sphere, and there is no difficulty in controlling them. Young men who are properly brought up, when they are sent into the missionary field, become faithful, industrious, counsel-obeying Elders. They reverence the authority which God has given to His servants, and they have no difficulty in submitting to all proper requirements. As husbands they make the best of companions.

Girls brought up in this manner gladden the household of which they form a part. They make their husbands' lives happy ones; for they have been taught to restrain themselves and not carry out every whim or caprice that may suggest itself to their minds. They have been taught self-control, and this of itself is an important lesson.

The evil effects of disobedience are seen on every hand. There is scarcely a day passes but some illustration of the serious consequences which result from a neglect of obedience is brought to light. As we are writing this, a case which was attended with fatal consequences is brought to our attention. A child forbidden to play with fireworks, by some means secures a fire-cracker. The child ignites it, throws it in such a way as to bring it in contact with a can of oil. The can explodes, the child is burned, and dies. These cases are not unusual. Probably there is scarcely a large family in the territory that does not furnish an illustration of the serious consequences which attend disobedience. These lessons are impressive, and children should be taught from the time they are old enough to comprehend language the necessity of implicit obedience to the wishes of their parents.

THE teachings of our Church in relation to the sacredness of human life are very plain and strong. We are taught that it is a dreadful wrong, a crime of fearful magnitude, for

man to slay his fellowman, unless it be in self defense. Children should be impressed with these ideas, that under no provocation should they resort to violence against their fellow-creatures. How shocking it is to read of young men going armed with pistols, and upon apparently slight provocation drawing their weapons and firing at each other! We read of a case of this kind recently in one of our settlements. It fills one with horror to think that human beings are so filled with deadly hatred as to be guilty of such acts. It is far better for one to be in the place of Abel—an innocent man murdered—than to be in the place of his murderer, the cruel Cain.

The spirit of murder seems to be on the increase in our day. This is partly due to the increase of firearms and to their cheapness, also to the fashion which prevails in many quarters of carrying deadly weapons. The frequency with which shooting is done also has its effect to break down the feeling of sacredness which should surround human life.

But it is not only the shedding of human blood which children should be taught to avoid; they should be impressed with the value of animal life. No animal should be killed except to supply food for the sustenance of human beings. Some boys and young men take great delight in going on hunting trips. They are not hungry, they do not stand in need of food of this character to sustain life; but they hunt for sport—merely for the pleasure of killing something. They foster a taste for destruction. If while they have a gun in hand a bird should come within range of their shot, however innocent or beautiful the bird might be, and without it being the least use to them for food or anything else, they instantly try to kill it. So with any innocent and harmless animal that they may see. No fowl or animal is safe if within the range of their shot. It must be killed if they can succeed in hitting it.

Now, this is very wrong, and children should be taught to repress that inclination where they have it. The practice of killing

everything that can be shot at, and hunting for the mere pleasure of killing, leads to a waste of life, and causes a feeling of indifference to the sufferings of animals to become implanted in the breasts of those who are guilty of this practice. Such persons are more likely to use their weapons against their fellow-creatures if they are provoked than they would be if they had not become somewhat indifferent to the shedding of blood.

God has given man the birds of the air, the animals that move upon the earth, and the fish that swim in the waters, for his use; not to be wasted, not to be killed for sport, not to be exterminated from the face of the earth, as many kinds of animals and birds have been through man's hunting propensities; but to be a blessing to man; to furnish him with that which he may need from time to time for food and other purposes and to assist him in various ways. And God will hold man accountable for the right use of his opportunities. These birds and animals and fish cannot speak, but they can suffer, and our God, who created them, knows their sufferings, and will hold him who causes them to suffer unnecessarily to answer for it. It is a sin against their Creator. These dumb creatures appeal to the sympathy of every right-feeling person. They are to a certain extent helpless, and in many instances defenseless. Man should therefore treat them with all possible kindness. Children should be taught that it is a duty to protect and care for the creatures that are in their charge; to see that they are fed and watered and housed, so that they will not suffer. They should not be overworked. They should not be beaten improperly or abused; but should be treated with kindness. A child that is cruel to an animal exhibits a bad disposition. He will be apt to grow up to be an unfeeling, cruel man. Therefore children should be taught to be merciful to the brute creation. There are some people who make constant war upon every snake that they see. They act as though they thought it their supreme duty to destroy them. The result is, there is an enmity be-

tween these reptiles and man. So it is with other creatures. The constant war that is made upon them causes them naturally to look upon man as their enemy, and in self-defense they seek to bite or in some other way to destroy him. The day must come, according to the words of the prophet, when this will be changed, and the enmity that now exists between man and beast will cease. But man should set the example. Man should cultivate a better spirit towards the other creatures of our Father, and should not be their deadly foe. When he ceases to hunt and destroy for his own sport, or to gratify his destructive propensities, it may be that a different spirit will take possession of fowls, animals, fish, reptiles, and insects; and instead of looking upon man as their enemy, they will look upon him as their friend, and not seek to take advantage of or destroy him.

WORK FOR GIRLS.

Specialties in Sewing.

THERE is a branch of sewing which I have never seen attempted here in this territory, but which with proper care and management might be made as profitable as keeping a store. We all know how cheaply underclothing and certain kinds of clothing for women and children can be purchased in the East, and many sisters who live in the larger cities never try to make these things. But there are still many things which could be made and kept in stock and which would be more serviceable and useful to all parties than these often-times unsatisfactory articles. Take for instance such articles as little children's calico aprons, drawers, and plain night-dresses. There will have to be much discretion exercised in the choice of materials, choosing a medium grade of cloth, getting all materials by the wholesale instead of by retail, and then making them up in plain styles. To succeed in this matter, one should not try to

make expensive things but to fashion rather the simple, plain and every day articles mothers find so useful and so hard to be constantly making.

If every woman had an occupation that was congenial to her, and then let other women do the bulk of her work in ways that were co-operative and sensible, we should have few unhappy, broken-down women. It is this way of every woman trying to be the house-keeper, seamstress, nurse, cook and general utility servant, that puts young women in their graves and makes all of them weary to their finger ends with what they call the monotony of life. There is no monotony about that which you love to do. The more you work at a loved occupation, the more in love with your labor do you become, and indeed, the better work you do. This is one of nature's laws.

If one really desires to make a business of sewing, there is no surer road to competence and independence of action than to start a ready made shop. Begin small, go about in your neighborhood, and get the advice of the kind, wise matrons, and then make a little start either at your own home or a small room in your vicinity. There is one article of wearing apparel which you can keep in stock, and which you will never find of course made by the world. That is, garments. Get a first-class pattern from some one who has them correctly made, and then make them in many different sizes, leaving the "finishing touches" unmade, until they are called for and properly arranged. Make these garments in bleached, and in unbleached, and flannel, and you can also make them in children's sizes, by fastening them up in the back and omitting all distinctive marks. Remember one thing, that for the regular garments, the material must always be white, no matter what the texture may be.

You can add some ready made garments purchased from the East if you desire, to your regular stock in trade, but depend mostly on your own sewing. Make up a few simple, cheap, serviceable wrappers of dark material

and if you are wise in the selection of material many ladies will prefer the dearer, more comfortable home-made wrappers to the cheap, narrow ones bought abroad. It would be a good plan, when your custom justifies the expenditure, for you to buy a few bolts of cloth, and have them on your shelves for ladies to choose from.

There is still one other set of articles which can be very profitably added to your stock.

I refer to burial clothes. These can be made in different grades of material and in various sizes and you will find that after it is known that you keep such things, you will have frequent calls for them. Be very sure that you get the best of patterns, and it would not be amiss for you to send to Sister Zina D. Young for suitable patterns, explaining what you desire them for. It is of the utmost importance that these things shall be made in the exact pattern given in the Church, and no one can afford to run chances about such grave matters. While I am on this subject, I wish to caution you and all those who make these things for the dead, that they are extremely cautious about clothing the dead. It not unfrequently happens that garments are improperly finished, the clothes are wrongly adjusted, and the suit is improperly made and put on. These things should not be. If the President of your Relief Society does not understand these matters, you, if you are going to make a business of such sewing, must make yourself thoroughly familiar with every detail of the work and not do anything from your own ideas. The making of all these articles will form quite a stock, and if you find your work increasing, hire more assistants and go on in the work you have chosen.

You could add a few simple articles of infant apparel if you desire, and if these are neatly made and simple in form there is no reason why you should not make a success of them also. If you so desire, you can combine your efforts with some friend who is either a milliner or a fancy worker. Two such occupations could profitably be joined and your custom would be increased thereby. But

don't you attempt to run two sorts of work at the same time; choose your business, and then stick to that solely. The only way to succeed, is to make a business of your business and dabble in nothing else. This is, of course, meant to apply in the way of business, it does not apply to your becoming a wife or mother, that is more than your business, it is your highest duty. And if perchance you should find that you can not be successful at both duty and business, for pity's sake let the business drop. But I think you can easily do both; that is if you do not consider that in order to be a good wife and mother it is also necessary to be the only cook, housemaid, seamstress and general home lackey in the house. If you really feel it a burden to try to keep up your business, you may depend upon it, you have not chosen the right occupation. There is something for which you are specially fitted; try hard to find out what it is, and then struggle to engage in that pursuit as a vocation, not an avocation.

Mary Howe.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Independence Day.

INDEPENDENCE DAY is fittingly observed in our land as a holiday. It is welcomed with the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, and all the demonstrations of joy to which the people resort to express their sense of its importance. It is a day that should be cherished by every American; and the people should assemble, when convenient to do so, and listen to the recital of the causes which led to this being called Independence Day, and to the achievements which made this a land of liberty.

It is true that it has not always been a land of liberty to the Latter-day Saints. We have suffered from wrongs and oppressions. The principles embodied in the Declaration of Independence—that glorious instrument which was proclaimed on July 4th, 1776—and after-

wards embodied in the Constitution of the United States, are broad and liberal enough to satisfy every reasonable human being, and when carried out and maintained, make our government the most glorious for human freedom and the development of human beings of any government on the face of the earth. Under no other form of government could the Latter-day Saints have been protected by the organic law of the land as they have been in America. In assisting the fathers of our country, it was the design of the Almighty Father, to frame a form of government under which it would be possible for the Church to live and enjoy all those rights which were necessary for the accomplishment of His purposes.

This continent was concealed from the nations of the earth for very many centuries. If it had not been, it would have been filled by people from the Old World, and there would have been no room in our day for the growth of the Zion of God. When the time came for the discovery of the land, the Lord moved upon Christopher Columbus and made him an instrument to bring to light the western hemisphere. In like manner, the colonies which afterwards became the United States were formed under His direction. His providence was over them, and the seeds of religious freedom were sown by the men whom He led to this land as an asylum of refuge from the tyrannies of the old nations. The love of liberty was fostered until it brought forth the important fruits which were witnessed in the Declaration of Independence, in the Constitution of the United States, and in the formation of a great nation.

The men who were the instruments in performing these great works were inspired of the Lord to accomplish that which they did. This is easily perceived in reading the history of those times. In many instances, probably, they themselves were unconscious of the fact that the Lord had raised them up for that end. Thomas Paine, who is known throughout Christendom as an unbeliever in religion, was no doubt inspired to take the part he did

in propagating the principles of liberty. If he had been told so, he might not have believed it; but undoubtedly the Lord was with him, and with Thomas Jefferson, who also was skeptical, and other men who had but little or no faith in God. They laid the foundation of this magnificent structure, this glorious form of government, the corner stone of which was religious freedom—freedom for all to believe as they pleased, and to carry that belief into practice, so long as it did not interfere with the rights of their fellowmen.

Notwithstanding the wrongs we ourselves may have suffered, we of all people have the greatest cause to rejoice in Independence Day. We should always honor it and revere the memories of the men who "pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor" on that memorable 4th of July, to maintain the cause of liberty. They made sacrifices for posterity, and they did so with true courage and unyielding determination. God was with them in their counsels and in their battles, and He gave them power to accomplish the purposes for which they started out. They were a poor people, destitute of resources; but they were sustained by the Lord, and were able to hold their own against the mightiest nation then on the earth, and to obtain from that proud power a recognition of their rights and of the government they had framed.

Our children should value the labors of the fathers of the country, and honor the day which they made so glorious by their Declaration of Independence.

The promises of the Almighty to the righteous inhabitants of this land are very precious. He will defend them against all their enemies. They are promised success, prosperity and triumph. No foe can prevail against them. This was illustrated in the history of independence. Numerous illustrations are found in the records of the two great nations which once inhabited this continent which have come down to us in the Book of Mormon. The Jaredites became one of the most powerful nations on the face of the earth, while

they were righteous; but after they departed from the Lord and fell into sin, they were swept away. The same may be said concerning the great nation which succeeded them—the Nephites. A mighty race, a powerful and wonderfully advanced nation, they spread on the right hand and on the left, and were blessed with extraordinary prosperity while they remained a righteous people; but when they turned from the Lord, they lost their strength, and they also were swept from the face of the earth and became extinct as a nationality. Again we have another mighty nation possessing this land. What nation can compare with ours in its growth, its prosperity, and in the power which God has given to it? The growth of this nation is simply marvelous. The land which we inhabit is a choice land above all other lands. Wealth has increased to an unexampled extent in a very brief period. Everything that could be desired to make a nation great and prosperous and happy has been bestowed upon this American Republic. If the people would live righteously and serve the God of the land, there would be no limit to the blessings bestowed upon them; but if they turn to iniquity and yield to sin, the judgments of the Lord will assuredly fall upon them, and it will be with them as it was with the nations that have preceded them. “There is a curse upon all this land, that destruction shall come upon all those workers of darkness according to the power of God, when they are fully ripe.” Should this nation continue to practice sin and reject the Lord, the cup of their iniquity will sooner or later be filled, and then unless they repent, severe judgments will fall upon them. A nation so favored of heaven as this is, a people inhabiting a land so greatly blessed above all other lands, cannot reject the Lord, who gives them these blessings, without incurring His displeasure. While He gives the most glorious promises to the righteous, on the other hand He threatens the severest judgments if the people turn to iniquity.

One advantage that we have is that we have

been informed of these promises and these threats, and we can receive the fulfillment of the promises, if we live according to the conditions upon which they are based. If we are righteous, we must prosper. Nothing can prevent it. But should we be unrighteous, we shall be scourged.

We need have no fear as to the final results. Unrighteousness will bring its punishment, nor will it be deferred. The wrath of God will be poured out upon the ungodly. But those who keep the commandments of God can rejoice in blessings present and prospective.

The Editor.

HEROINES OF THE CHURCH.

Vilate Murray Kimball.

VILATE KIMBALL richly deserves the title heroine; and there are none more worthy in all the long list of names of the valiant and noble pioneer women who have borne the burden and heat of the day, in the early years of the introduction of the gospel and the establishment of this Church, though many have acted well their part and fulfilled loyally the mission of mothers in Israel, have lived for others more than for themselves; and such examples will ever be an incentive to virtue and purity for those who follow after.

Sister Kimball was one among a thousand, so to speak; a woman of the most intense sympathy and generous emotions, and in whom the utmost confidence might be reposed without fear of betrayal. Heart and hand were ever ready to minister to the needy, the unfortunate, the afflicted, and even the erring, of whom the Savior said, “They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.” There are few women that possess this rare quality of heavenly charity to the degree that Sister Vilate did; always ready and willing to forgive, and to believe the best possible of those who were in need of help, whether of soul or body, physical or spiritual. If I were asked, what was

the predominating attribute of Vilate Kimball's character, I should answer unequivocally, "the charity that thinketh no evil."

The early life or girlhood of this noble woman was, we are assured, happy and contented, though rumor says she was a pronounced village belle, decidedly charming and attractive; not altogether without sentiment, for we have been told that she was fond of poetry, and sometimes wrote verses. No doubt she had many ardent admirers in her native village, but another destiny awaited her, and her hero came in due time. The incident was novel enough to furnish the first chapter of a sensational story, but to Vilate and the young stranger it was intensely real.

Vilate Murray (afterwards Kimball) was the youngest daughter of Boswell and Susan-nah Murray, and was born in Florida, Montgomery County, New York, on the first day of June, 1806. The Murrays were of Scotch descent and proud of their lineage. Vilate embodied in her character much of the heroism with which the Scottish maidens were endowed in the historical days of chivalry and knighthood. In her distinguished manner and bearing she unwittingly displayed these admirable traits of nobility. Tall and dignified in appearance, pale and spirituelle in complexion, modest in demeanor and gentle in spirit, childlike in faith, and best of all susceptible to the truth; such was the woman whose history we take infinite pleasure in recording for the benefit of the rising generation, and especially the daughters of Zion.

Vilate Kimball was, from all the items we can glean of her girlhood, a favorite daughter, the flower and pet of the family, possessed of rare personal beauty, as well as a lovely character and amiable disposition.

The coming of her lover was like a poem or a mid-summer day-dream. At the time her parents were living in Victor, Ontario County, New York. A stranger, young and handsome, passed her father's house on horseback one hot summer's day. Feeling thirsty and perceiving a man at work in the yard, he

stopped and asked for a drink of water—a trifling thing, but fraught with the deepest meaning thereafter. The gentleman thus addressed went to the well for a bucket of fresh water, and as he did so called to his daughter Vilate to bring a glass from the house, which he filled and sent by her to the young stranger, little dreaming that this accidental meeting of the two young people would culminate in marriage; but so it proved. The young horseman fell desperately in love at first sight; the beauty and simple modesty of this sweet young girl held him spell-bound, and he lingered long over the glass of water. At last he thanked her in a manner of mingled perplexity and delight and reluctantly rode away, but with her image indelibly engraved upon his memory.

Ere long he came again on the same errand and this time also encountered the father, whom he asked as before for a cup of water. The gentleman was about to serve him in person, when he signified his wish to be waited upon by the young lady, calling her "My Laty," as he understood her name to be. "Laty," as she was called at home, came when summoned by her father with the glass of water, but was evidently much embarrassed. It did not, however, prevent her falling in love, and the young man coming again and again, their acquaintance soon ripened into mutual admiration and love, that proved true and lasting.

They were married the same year, November 7, 1822. The bridegroom was Heber Chase Kimball, then only a young man just starting out in life, but afterwards famous in the history of the Church as Elder, Apostle and Pioneer. Vilate was then only in her seventeenth year, and must have been a very beautiful bride. She certainly proved to be a model wife for this man of destiny. The early years of their married life were serenely happy, love sweetened labor and gilded the common routine of every-day life and work. They lived for each other, and the death of their first child was the only real sorrow that darkened their home. Afterwards a son was

born to them, whom they called William Henry. Fortune smiled upon them, and prosperity crowned their efforts with success. Industrious and energetic, with a prudent and economical wife, the young husband accumulated means for a comfortable home, with a garden and orchard and pleasant surroundings.

About this time both Heber and Vilate were somewhat exercised upon religious matters. Both were by nature spiritually-minded, being possessed of great reverence and inclined to prayer. They felt the need of some positive faith to cling to; in fact, almost unconsciously they were yearning after truth. Together they attended some revival meetings in the neighborhood and became much interested. It was at a time of intense religious excitement, and ultimately, though not entirely satisfied, both husband and wife were baptized into the Baptist church at Mendon, New York, by Elder Elijah Weaver.

On the 22nd of September, 1827, occurred that remarkable manifestation in the heavens of an "Army with banners," that was seen by many people in different places, and of which there are still a number of living witnesses. Vilate Kimball and her husband were among the favored ones who saw this wonderful vision, which event took place the same evening that Joseph Smith received the records of the Book of Mormon from the angel Moroni. This was before the Kimballs had heard anything concerning the Prophet, or what was transpiring elsewhere; but Heber relates that his wife was somewhat frightened at the appearance of the signs in the heavens, and asked Father Young, a neighbor of theirs (Brigham Young's father), what it meant. He replied, "Why, it's one of the signs of the coming of the Son of Man!" This vision made a lasting impression upon Vilate; she was of that susceptible nature that could receive spiritual manifestations with the spirit of humility that characterizes the true Saint, and to her it was ever a powerful testimony of what was about to transpire on the earth in the last days, the fullness of times.

The Youngs and the Greenes, who were afterwards prominent in the Church, were from Vermont, as also the Kimballs, and were living near each other in Mendon. While thus associated an intimacy sprang up between these families that continued throughout their lives. The Youngs and Greenes were Reformed Methodists, but like the Kimballs were anxiously seeking after the truth, and that drew them nearer together.

On August 26th of the next year after this manifestation in the heavens, a daughter was born to Heber and Vilate, and, true to the Scottish instinct, they named her Helen Mar; that daughter grew to womanhood, and proved to be a worthy representative of her illustrious mother. Sometime about 1831 some Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints came from Pennsylvania to Victor, New York, five miles distant from Mendon. Heber C. Kimball went out of curiosity to see and hear them expound the Scriptures; he at once became convinced that they preached the true gospel. He was so wrought upon that he could not rest without further knowledge of the doctrines they taught. Accordingly, he determined to take a journey into Pennsylvania, where there was a branch of the Church. He took his wife with him in a sleigh, accompanied by Phineas and Brigham Young, each taking his wife, thus making quite a party. They went to Columbia, Bradford County, and stayed nearly a week, attending meetings and witnessing manifestations of the gifts of the gospel. They all returned home rejoicing in that which they had heard and seen, and testifying of it to others. April 15th, 1832, Heber C. Kimball was baptized and his wife two weeks later by Elder Joseph Young. Very soon a flourishing branch of the Church was raised up in that neighborhood, numbering over thirty persons, all zealous and devoted, and enjoying the gifts and blessings of the gospel as did the former-day Saints.

The following September Brigham Young's wife (Miriam) died; she had been a very devoted Saint, and her deathbed scene is

described as glorious by those who witnessed it. She clapped her hands and praised the Lord, calling upon those around her to join her in praising Him. This was a special testimony to Vilate Kimball of the victory of a true Saint over the sting of death.

The care of Sister Young's two little daughters, Elizabeth and Vilate, thus left motherless, devolved upon Sister Kimball, who was indeed a mother to them. Another son had been born to Brother and Sister Kimball (Roswell Heber), but he died in infancy. Brigham Young and his children became a part of the household, and remained with them, removing in the same wagon to Kirtland, Ohio, in the fall of 1833.

For a while after their arrival in Kirtland they rented a house, but Brother Kimball, with his characteristic energy and perseverance, soon had a house of his own, built by Brigham Young, who was a carpenter and joiner as well as painter and glazier. Brother Brigham still continued with them, and they were as one family. They had come to Zion, the gathering place, just when the Temple was being built, and persecution was raging against the Saints, yet their faith never wavered. Vilate was as conscientious a believer, and as firm in her integrity to the truth as her husband, though he had been ordained an Elder and was preaching the gospel. She never repined or murmured at her lot, or regretted even momentarily leaving her pleasant home, though she had much to endure of toil, privation and persecution. She stood nobly by her husband's side, his helpmeet and companion, amid all the scenes of trial the Saints at that period of time were called to pass.

E. B. Wells.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



IF public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading as well as in munching and sparkling.

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION LEAFLETS.

Lesson 14.—Christ walks upon the Sea.

PLACE.—Sea of Galilee. Age of Christ—32 years.

TEXT.—Matt. 14: 22—36.

22. And straightway Jesus constrained his disciples to get into a ship, and to go before him unto the other side, while he sent the multitudes away.

23. And when he had sent the multitudes away,¹ he went up into a mountain apart to pray: and when the evening was come,² he was there alone.

24. But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves: for the wind was contrary.

25. And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea.

26. And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, It is a spirit; and they cried out for fear.

27. But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.

28. And Peter answered him and said, Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water.

29. And he said, Come. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water to go to Jesus.

30. But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me.

31. And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?

32. And when they were come unto the ship, the wind ceased.

33. Then they that were in the ship came and worshiped him, saying, Of a truth thou art the Son of God.⁴

34. And when they were gone over, they came into the land of Gennesaret.⁵

35. And when the men of that place had knowledge of him, they sent out unto all that country round about, and brought unto him all that were diseased;

36. And besought him that they might only touch the hem of his garment: and as many as touched,⁶ were made perfectly whole.

¹, Mark 6: 46. ², John 6: 16. ³, Job 9: 8 ⁴,
Psalms 2: 7. Matt, 16: 16; 26: 63. Mark 1: 1. Luke
4: 41. John 1: 49; 11: 27. Acts 8: 37. Rom, 1: 4.
1. Nephi 10: 17; 11: 24. Alma 7: 9, 10, 13; 24: 10,
13. III. Nephi 9: 15; 20: 31. 5, Mark 6: 53. 6, Matt.
9: 20. Mark 3: 10. Luke 6: 19.

LESSON STATEMENT.

After the miracle of feeding the five thousand, the people wanted to make Jesus their king. He, therefore, sent His disciples away,

though they appear to have been somewhat unwilling; possibly they wanted to assist in making Him king. However, they took ship with the intention of going to Capernaum. After they had gone, Jesus dismissed the multitude and went alone unto a mountain to pray. In the meantime a storm arose; for the wind was contrary. About the fourth watch* the disciples were only half way over.† Then Jesus went to them, walking on the sea; but when they saw Him they were afraid, for they thought it was a spirit. He, however, calmed their fears, saying, "It is I; be not afraid." At this Peter desired to come to Jesus on the water, and Jesus consenting he tried to walk to Him. But Peter's faith weakened and he began to sink. Jesus immediately stretched forth His hand and saved Peter, and the two entered the boat. Then the wind at once sank and the sea was calm, and the disciples landed the boat at the plain of Gennesaret. When the people found Christ had come, they sent all the country round for their sick, and Jesus healed them. Matthew, Mark and John narrate this miracle of the Savior walking on the stormy sea.

*About three o'clock in the morning.

†John says they were about 25 or 30 furlongs from the shore, or, near the middle of the lake:

NOTES.

LAND OF GENNESARET.—A fertile plain situated on the western shores of the Sea of Galilee. It extends along the shore three or four miles, and is about a mile wide.

PETER.—The senior of the apostles and one of the Savior's most intimate friends. He, with James and John, appears to have been more closely associated with Jesus than the rest of the Apostles, and after His death, the Lord, conferred upon Peter the keys of the kingdom of heaven and the authority to bind and loose. Peter's original name was Simon; he was the son of Jona (or Johanan) and the brother of Andrew. He was born at Bethsaida, was by occupation a fisherman, and was finally martyred for the testimony of Jesus; tradition says he was crucified at Rome.

WHAT WE MAY LEARN FROM THIS LESSON.

1. It is our duty to pray in secret to God, Jesus having set us the example.
2. When in trouble we should go to the Lord.
3. We should exercise faith.
4. Much faith is more

powerful than a little.

5. We should never doubt the power and goodness of the Lord.
6. God is ever near to save those that call upon him.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

1. What is the subject of this lesson?
2. Where did these events occur?
3. What caused Jesus to send His disciples away?
4. Where did they go?
5. What did He do?
6. What need had He to pray?
7. To whom did He pray?
8. In the meanwhile what happened to the disciples?
9. How did Jesus go to the disciples?
10. When they saw Him how did they feel?
11. Why were they afraid?
12. What is a spirit?
13. What did Jesus say?
14. What did Peter want to do?
15. Why did he fail?
16. What did the Lord say to Peter?
17. What happened when they got on board the ship?
18. Where did it land?
19. What did the people do when they heard of Christ's presence?
20. What did the sick strive to touch?
21. Why were they then healed?

ILLUSTRATIVE PASSAGES.

JESUS PRAYS.—And it came to pass that Jesus departed out of the midst of them, and went a little off from them and bowed himself to earth, and he said, Father, etc.

And he turned from them again, and went a little way off, and bowed himself to the earth; and he prayed again to the Father.

And it came to pass that he went again a little way off and prayed unto the Father.—*III. Nephi 19, 20, 27, 31.*

BE OF GOOD CHEER; IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID.—I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.—*Phil. 4: 13.*

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear.—*Psalms 46: 1, 2.*

JESUS STRETCHED FORTH HIS HAND AND CAUGHT HIM.—Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me: thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.—*Psalms 138: 7.*

O THOU OF LITTLE FAITH, WHEREFORE DIDST THOU DOUBT.—Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusted in thee.

Trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.—*Isaiah 26: 3, 4.*

THOU ART THE SON OF GOD.—God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.—*I. John 4: 9.*

For Our Little Folks.

THE PRIZE WINNERS.

THE best lists of events furnished for the first six months of the year were received from the following named persons:

Clara Leone Horne, Farmers' Ward, to whom we have awarded the First Prize, "The Life of Joseph Smith."

Fayette Hatch, Franklin, Idaho, receives the Second Prize, "Poems of O. F. Whitney."

Mary Andrus, Big Cottonwood, has been awarded Third Prize, "Domestic Science."

Lists of events received from many others were very commendable, and those who supplied them are deserving of encouragement.

Quite a number of our young artists sent us pictures in competition for the prizes offered. Following is a list of their names:

Sarah Andrus, Big Cottonwood; Aurilla Biglow, Springerville, Arizona; Joseph Wittwer, Santa Clara; Alonzo Sudweeks, East Junction; Ettie Kelsey, Springville; Lovina Wood, Holden; John Borlase, West Jordan; May Hunt, Hattie Hunt, Monroe; Eliza S. Rogers, Snowflake, Arizona; Charles Andrus, Artie Snow, St. George; Gertie Turnbow, Farmer's Ward; Rosa Smuin, Lynne; Thomas H. Roper, Oak City; Caroline Nelson, Oakley, Idaho; James

Riley, Irene Gale, Beaver; Peter Sundwell, Fairview; Josephine Gardner, Pine Valley; Walter G. Phelps, Montpelier, Idaho; C. Otto Apelgren, Levi G. Richards, Clarence M. Ridges, Claude Ridges, Hjalmar Carlquist, Edward T. Hill, Thomas H. Jones, Ralph Chamberlain, Salt Lake City; Leprele Spafford, Anna-bella; Louie Whittaker, Circleville; Millie Campbell, Soda Springs, Idaho; Leo Fairbanks, Payson; George Horne, Mill Creek; Hopkin C. Mathews, Providence; Edgar Miller, Riverton; Lars Mortenson, Brigham City.

Of the above named competitors the following ones were awarded the prizes:

George Horne, Mill Creek, First Prize, "From Kirtland to Salt Lake."

Leo Fairbanks, Payson, Second Prize, "Domestic Science."

Levi G. Richards, Salt Lake City, Third Prize, "History of Benjamin Franklin."

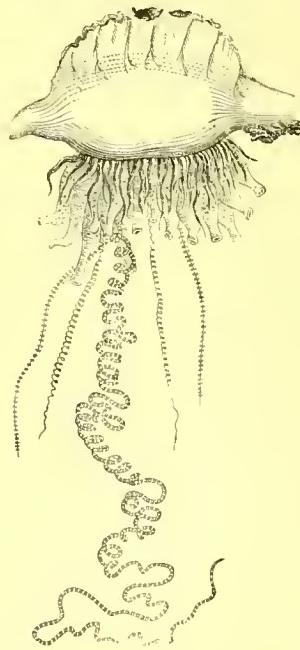
The drawings by the following named are also considered quite good, and deserve special mention.

Ettie Kelsey, Rosa Smuin, Peter Sundwall, Walter G. Phelps, Clarence N. Ridges, Claude Ridges, Hjalmar Carlquist, Edward T. Hill, Thomas H. Jones, Ralph Chamberlain, Millie Campbell, Hopkin C. Mathews, Edgar Miller, and Lars Mortenson.

A GREAT revolver.—The Earth.

THE PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR.

If we were able to walk upon the bottom of the ocean and examine all the strange creatures to be found there it would seem like another world to us. There are many curious living beings that inhabit the sea. The one here shown, called the Portuguese man-of-war is a peculiar kind of jelly-fish. It swims about in the water in the position you see



PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR.

it in the picture. You might perhaps wonder what those thread-like cords hanging from the under side of the animal are for. These are what the creature uses to catch its food which consists of other live creatures. By moving along in the water with these cords hanging down it comes across a small fish that happens to be passing. If the fish chances to get en-

tangled in these cords it is captured and eaten by the man-of-war. These threads possess a stinging quality, and if they are placed on a man's arm they will give him a severe shock of pain, which is described as being similar to placing one's arm in hot water. This pain when applied to small fish is enough to paralyze or kill them; and by this means the man-of-war secures its food.

HISTORICAL EVENTS.

FOLLOWING are the names of those who have furnished lists of events for the month of June: Edgar Sudweeks, Edith Christofferson, Joseph M. Zundel, Rosa Smuin, Tillie C. Gardner, Arthur Jenkins, Emma C. Gardner, James Leroy Johnson, Fayette Hatch, Rulon E. Porter, Florence M. Williams, Lavinia Harper, Mary Andrus, Clara Leone Horne, Ruby Beecher, Lucy Pond, Matilda Nielson, Thos. Taylor, Jr., Wallace Boden, Wm. Jacobs, Julia Reeves, Florence Barlow, Maria Jensen, Tryphena Willden.

IMPORTANT EVENTS FURNISHED BY
FAYETTE HATCH.

- 1st, 1801, Brigham Young was born.
- 1st, 1830, The first conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which then consisted of about 30 members, was held at Fayette, N. Y.
- 1st, 1837, Elders H. C. Kimball and Orson Hyde were set apart to go on a mission to England, the first foreign mission of the Church.
- 1st, 1842, At a conference held in Manchester, England, 7514 members of the Church were represented.

- 1st, 1847, The "Mormon" pioneers arrived at Fort Laramie.

4th, 1834, Zion's camp crossed the Mississippi river into Missouri.

6th, 1833, A committee was instructed to get material for the construction of the Kirtland Temple.

6th, 1840, Forty-one Saints sailed from England in the ship "Britannia" for the U. S. being the first Saints that gathered from a foreign land.

6th, 1799, Patrick Henry, a distinguished Patriot of Virginia, died. Age 63.

9th, 68, Nero, the infamous emperor of Rome, died.

13th, 1837, H. C. Kimball, Orson Hyde, W. Richards and Joseph Fielding left Kirtland on the first foreign mission of the Church.

14th, 1801, Heber C. Kimball was born.

15th, 1850, The first number of the *Deseret News* was published in Salt Lake City.

15th, 1880, Emperor Frederick of Germany died.

18th, 1844, The Prophet Joseph delivered his last public address.

22nd, 1868, H. C. Kimball died.

24th, 1804, Willard Richards was born.

25th, 1876, Gen. Custer was killed in a battle with the Sioux Indians on the Little Big Horn river, together with his whole command of U. S. troops nearly 300 in number.

26th, 1858, The U. S. army under Col. Johnston passed through Salt Lake City.

26th, 1817, Geo A. Smith was born.

27th, 1844, Joseph and Hyrum Smith were assassinated.

28th, 1854, John Smith, son of Hyrum Smith was appointed Patriarch over the Church.

28th, 1852, Henry Clay, orator and statesman, died.

29th, 1844, About 10,000 persons visited and viewed the remains of the martyred Prophet and Patriarch. The funeral took place in the evening.

MORE PRIZES.

We desire our young friends to continue sending lists of important events in history. For the best lists received during the next six months (commencing with the present month) we offer the following prizes:

First Prize, "Life of Heber C. Kimball;" Second Prize, Josephus' Works; Third Prize, one year's subscription to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

THE BRIGHAM YOUNG ACADEMY.

THE young folks who have the privilege of attending the Brigham Young Academy are greatly blessed. They are there taught the principles of the gospel. I have been a student of the above named institution for two years and was never so happy as when I was studying theology. On Monday and Thursday we have Bible theology and on Tuesday and Friday we have Book of Mormon theology. On Wednesday we have testimony theology in which every pupil has to rise to his feet and bear his testimony, as follows: viz: Tell, if you like your teachers and schoolmates; if you can get your lessons well; if you say your prayers every night and morning; if you go to Sunday school and partake of the Sacrament. Every fast day we have fast meeting in which the students of the higher grades bear their testimony.

Henry E. Giles,
PROVO, UTAH. Age 11 years.

AN INTELLIGENT CAT.

A woman up town has a large number of birds, which she keeps in an aviary built on to the rear wall of the house. She also has a large Maltese cat, which has proved herself so trustworthy and so kindly disposed to the feathered pets that she has had for some time free range of the aviary, whether the birds were in their separate cages or not.

A few days ago, while all the birds save one were shut in their cages, the owner heard a wild cry in the aviary. Rushing to the door she met her trusted cat coming out with the bird in her mouth. On the instant the next room was reached, the cat released hold and the bird flew away frightened, but unharmed. On investigating the cause of the sudden confusion the woman found in the aviary a stray cat that had slipped in through a lowered sash.

The house cat seeing the danger, had snatched the bird in her mouth so carefully as not to harm a feather and carried it out of reach of the intruder.

*May Hunt,
Age 12 years.*

MONROE, SEVIER CO., UTAH.

"BRIDGET, has Johnnie come home from school yet?" "Yis, sorr." "Have you seen him?" No, sorr." "Then how do you know he's home?" "'Cause the cat's hidin' under the stove, sorr."

A YOUNG man, searching for his pig, accused an Irishman as follows: "Have you seen a stray pig about here?" Pat responded: "And how could I tell a stray pig from any other?"

At a husking bee, if you get a red ear you may steal a kiss; while, on the contrary, under other conditions, if you steal a kiss you may get a red ear.

GEN. FISK'S BOOMERANG.

MAJ. FORD H. ROGERS tells an amusing anecdote of the late Gen. Clinton B. Fisk. The general was addressing a Sunday-school convention. One of the speakers had reminded the children that it was Washington's birthday.

"Children," said Gen. Fisk, "you all know that Washington was a general. Perhaps you know that I am also a general. Now can any one tell what was the difference between Gen. Washington and myself?"

"I know, sir," piped a small boy in the back part of the room.

"Well, what was the difference?" said Gen. Fisk, smiling at the lad's eagerness.

"George Washington could n't tell a lie, sir," cried the boy in exultant tones. Shouts of laughter followed, in which the general joined heartily.

WHICH WAS THE BRUTE.

A MAN entered a saloon in Montague, Ga., and asked for a drink, which was handed to him. He raised the glass to his lips, when a large dog took him by the collar and tried to pull him out of the door. A crowd collected around and attempted to take the dog off, supposing it would hurt him; but the stranger said, "Let him alone; he is my dog. I have been on a spree at Bowie, and the dog pulled me out of the saloon there and made me sober up." The stranger left without his drink.

WAITING FOR THE REAPERS.

Spirited.

Waiting for the reapers' sickles Waves the whitened harvest field; Harbing-
ers of love and mercy, Forward go and bind the heaves, Go, ye lab'lers, bold with courage, Reap the
golden-headed grain—Ripened fields all waiting, waiting, Since the Son of God was slain,
harvest ushers in; Wake the song, millennial glory Dawns up - on a world of sin.
Selze the torch, the torch, and wave it; Hal-le-
lujah! Hal-le - lu - jah! swell the chorus, Jesus Christ our Lord shall reign

CHORUS.

Seize the torch, seize the torch, the torch, and wave it; Zion's heralds loud proclaim; Hal-le-

DR. HOLMES says, "The human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and inquire, 'Why was it not done the other way?'"

SUBMIT to what is unavoidable, banish the impossible from the mind, and look around for some new object of interest in life.—Goethe.

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15th Ward Store,	340 W. 1st South
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H. J. Shimming,	537 N. 1st West
Frank Branting,	667 S. 4th East
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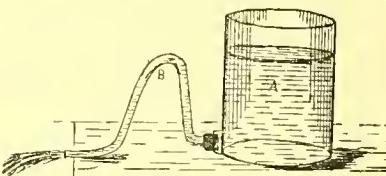
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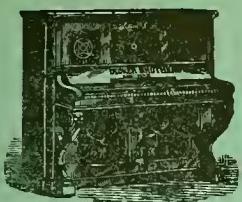
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